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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

He who gives a child a home
Builds palaces in Kingdom come,
And she who gives a baby birth
Brings Savior Christ again to Earth.

Lord, give to men who are old and rougher
The things that little children suffer,
And let keep bright and undefiled
The young years of the little child.

JOHN MASEFIELD,
In *"The Everlasting Mercy."*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20. NUMBER 25

MIDSUMMER

It was the time of shade and shine;
The roses pale as death
Poured on the wind a fire divine—
The spikenard of their breath.

The locusts chirped in monotone;
The toad in garb of rust
Monarch of silence on a stone
Ruled in a world of dust.

The birds were songless in the trees,
But in the blue above
The butterflies danced on the breeze
Like aeroplanes of love.

There was a rapture in the air
Caressing as a boon.
For high and low and everywhere
The year was at the noon!

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

Senator Helen Ring Robinson, the lone woman senator of Colorado, according to the *Woman's Journal* finds the threefold problems of that state to lie in the questions of immigration, the relation of capital and labor, and class and race hatred. The problems of Colorado are the problems of civilization. These questions are the fundamental perplexity of all the states, and we would add one more making the triangle into a quadrangle. Surely the drink iniquity and the saloon demoralization represent one side of the square.

Mrs. Katherine Breshkovsky, venerable and venerated woman of Russia, who has spent so much of her life in prison and in Siberian exile for conscience sake, still languishes in the Central Prison at Irkutsk, Siberia. A card from her to an American friend, published in the *Woman's Journal* for August 1, speaks of the help that comes from beyond the boundaries of earthly life. Remembering the apostolic devotion of the saintly Isabel Barrows, she says:

"I owe to the memory of my parents (both of them) all the good that there is in me, as to the example of all noble hearts, everything good that I do. It is thus that the dead and the living are never parted: it is thus that humanity is all one family, not only in the present, but also in its past, as in its entire future. I always had this feeling of unity, from my childhood, and I always used to look upon myself as a member of a very large family, that I wanted should be happy; whose sufferings gave me not only pain but anxiety (soucis), making me feel as if I were responsible for the evils that surrounded me. Certainly, Isabel, that sister to us all, comes to our help in our difficulties."

Academic Japan ought to become well acquainted with the University of Chicago. President and Mrs. Judson have been sojourning there for some time at the head of some kind of medical and sanitary investigation commission, we believe. It is now announced that Shailer Mathews, Dean of the Divinity School, has been granted a leave of absence during the coming winter quarter "for the purpose of visiting Japan as Ambassador of the Federated Council of Churches of Christ in America," of which organization Professor Mathews is the president. He goes, it is announced, as a representative of "Federated Protestantism," representing the entire group of co-operative organizations, thirty in number, and representing approximately sixteen million church members. This sounds imposing and Dr. Mathews' magnetic personality will doubtless carry a radiating cheer which will have a wholesome influence upon the better class of Japanese minds. But this will not atone for the lamentable fact which will become apparent to the thinkers of Japan that Dr. Mathews will mis-represent more than he represents. The elements in American Christendom most congenial to the Japanese mind and most productive of the ethical unity and spiritual freedom which is the heart's desire of the noblest in Japan and in America, is deliberately excluded from the Federation which Mr. Mathews represents, namely: The academic spirit of universal religion, the rational interpretations of Bible and the rationalizing of Christian doctrine, including the nature and offices of Jesus of Nazareth the "anointed." This Federation has tried to establish a boundary that excluded all those who refuse in some way or another to recognize the Christ as a part of the Godhead, a supernatural Saviour, and a belief in which supernaturalism is somehow the condition of the Christian life here and of eternal salvation after death. All the Unitarians, Universalists, a large part of the Quaker communion, the great thinking, growing elements in Judaism whose hearts and souls are committed to the religion of the prophets, including the Prophet of Nazareth, and the great unchurched academic world are outside of all churches, outside for the reason that Abraham Lincoln remained outside, because their hearts are too large and their minds too free to submit to the doctrinal tests imposed by most churches. Dr. Mathews in his own person might well be taken as a worthy representative of this more inclusive Christendom, which the western world is offering to Japan, but in his official capacity he has to deny this larger section of himself as well as the more potent thought in the American Christianity of today.

After the War

There will be an "after the war." This madness cannot always last, and when the lamentable sacrifice is made and a sufficient number of graves are dug and an adequate blanket of whitening bones of the unburied dead covers the fields that were once green and then red, sanity will come. The belated, "sober-minded second thought" will assert itself, and even kings and cabinet officers will see the accursedness of that which they exploited. Then they will have time to count the cost, to post the books and to note the debit and credit footings.

On the debit side what will appear? Devastated homes; broken-hearted widows fighting a grim battle for bread; orphan children missing a father's guiding hand, deprived of the privileges of school, church and society which the murdered fathers alone could give; desecrated shrines; the santities of history violated; ancient churches demolished; sacred landmarks destroyed; the accumulated traditions of love and service outraged, dissipated in smoke; the blood of unborn generations impoverished and weakened; for the healthiest as well as the bravest, the competent as well as the youth were devoured by war; and the upward march, the growing efficiency of families ruthlessly interefered with.

On the debit side again comes that "Unseen Empire of Debt;" the accumulated interest the end of which no financier can calculate; the recuperating energy of impoverished nations mortgaged to pay the unholy war debts, and the money that ought to be spent in developing the arts of peace, in conquering nature, draining its swamps, watering its deserts, taking care of its dependents and educating its children will be diverted to the pensioning of old soldiers and the housing of pathetic cripples in the gruesome homes for aged soldiers; a standing arraignment of war's "preparedness."

Then there will be the debauchment of human ideals, a reversion to the inspirations of the barbarian and the brute. The "Tri-County Fair" in the little village of Spring Green, only three miles from the place of writing, has been the annual rally of the farmers of three counties, the exhibition ground of the triumphs of agriculture, the fostering place of the arts of peace, humanizing in its influence. This year, for the first time in its history, it advertises a "sham battle," a company of the National Guard is to move against an organized band of German-Americans marshalled by men who have had experience. The advertisement promises a very "realistic show." Large quantities of blank cartridges are already secured. Ambulances, stretchers and knights and ladies of the Red Cross will be on duty. Horrible travesty! Now of all times to appeal to the brute in the child and to promote the accursed fallacy that in order to secure peace we must be prepared for war.

While I write the newspapers tell of sham battles being fought by the children in Lincoln Park, Chicago. How futile are our Sunday School lessons and how our practice defeats our teachings about the "Prince of Peace."

All this and much more goes to the debit side of the account with the war. And are there no entries on the credit side? Is there nothing to be gained from this horrible sacrifice of life to the shallow calls of patriotism and the still more superficial pride and ambition of a few men?

Nothing but our ultimate faith in theism gives us items for the credit side. If we did not believe that "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him" our faith in God, our belief in an ultimate theism would vanish. Our hope in this war lies in its badness. It is such a manifestation of unreason that reason will be re-enforced. The forces of violence will prove themselves so inefficient that the conquering forces of peace and love will be unmasked and be discovered. In this war Aristocracy and Monarchy are to be exposed. He who pompously signs himself "Autocrat of all the Russias," and the bumptious Kaiser who pretends to receive his imperial credentials from heaven, and even the inoffensive, inefficient and neglible King George, all the blazonry of war and the triumphs of the battlefield cannot save from exposure. When the tinsel is torn off, the buttons grown rusty and the swords have lost their glitter, stained perhaps in a brother's blood, it will appear that they are three cousins of ordinary ability, who with their present training could hardly earn a decent living on an American railroad. They may have brains enough to serve as brakemen, scarcely enough to be conductors of a transcontinental train.

Perhaps this war may claim as a credit item the discovery of the present imbecility, not to say hypocrisy, of our boasted Christianity that invokes the blessing of the Prince of Peace on these devilish exploitations of the instruments of destruction.

Perhaps on the credit side will be entered the fact that this grim experience of Europe has pricked forever the idle bubble, the false pretense, the fool statesmanship that has fostered this ever more expensive "preparedness for war" on the ground that it was a peace making method. What if all these dreadnaughts had been unmade and these eighteen million in the standing armies of Europe been unequipped and undisciplined? Where would the mobilization come from and where would the naval battles be? Would the powers of science, the arts of peace, the industries of the world be the less safe? A few months of this horrid wastefulness, demoralization will so debauch the resources of the world that it will take years and

years to recover. If this war in its awful expensiveness will compel even crowned heads to heed the verdict of the counting room and listen to the advice of the banker, it will not have been wholly in vain.

But perhaps the mills of God are grinding slowly but surely, and when the war clouds blow away we will discover that crowns will have been crushed, swords will have been broken, racial pride which expresses itself in hatred will have exhausted itself; and on the ruins of kingdoms, the democracy of Europe will be established, the reign of reason will begin and the working men and the women, the hope of the future, will have their innings, not in defiance of the so-called leisure and cultivated classes, but in co-operation with these. Then will we realize the lesson taught in a recent cartoon of McCutcheon's.

"GOLD AND GREEN ARE THE FIELDS IN PEACE!" This is the inscription of the upper panel, which shows the harvest field studded thick with shocks of unstacked grain.

"RED ARE THE FIELDS OF WAR!" The next panel shows the mangled debris, dead bodies of horses and men, dismantled cannon and broken arms.

"BLACK ARE THE FIELDS WHEN THE CANNONS CEASE!" Is the inscription under the third panel, which shows the countless group of broken-hearted widows and bereaved orphans draped in black.

"AND WHITE FOR EVERMORE!" says the lower panel where is shown the long quiet rows of marble markers, most of them bearing only a number representing the unnamed dead, peaceful, oh, how peaceful at last. But this innumerable host of the buried suggests the still wider whiteness of the bleaching bones of the unburied victims of war.

AFTER THE WAR we will have time to think of all this. How much better it would be if we took thought of these things now! "Keep your head cool, do not rock the boat!" is the potent slogan of the *Chicago Herald*, to which we would add: "And your hearts pure, do not corrupt the imagination or befog your reason in, for and through this recrudescence of the brute in Europe which we call war."

The restocking of national forest streams in all states where such forests are situated, including those now being acquired in the White Mountains and the southern Appalachians, will be given attention as rapidly as supplies of fish fry become available for planting purposes. The forest service is admirably organized to carry on work of this kind, and does so with practically no interference with regular activities since the fish must be handled with the utmost haste and frequently during the late evening or early morning hours. The production of the existing federal and state fish hatcheries is hardly adequate to meet all demands, however ,and therefore the work has to be done in installments.

Liberia a Mission

Address by
FREDERICK STARR at A. M. E. Mass Meeting
Bethel Church, Chicago, July 27, 1914

A week ago tonight I had the honor of speaking to you upon the subject of "Liberia a Mission Field." Tonight my subject is "Liberia a Mission." During these last years Africa has been partitioned among the nations of Europe. Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Spain and Portugal today own land which should belong, which did belong, to the black men of that dark continent. The division has been an unkind, a heartless division. Africa has been partitioned not that itself might be advanced, not that its black peoples might be helped, but that the different nations of Europe might be enriched and made more powerful. Two years ago there were but three pieces of Africa left as independent states, Morocco, Abyssinia and Liberia.

My last visit to Africa was in 1912. On my way down to the west coast I stopped in Morocco for two weeks. I was there when the Sultan started from Fez for Tangier; but you all know that when the Sultan left Fez, the old empire of Morocco neared its end, and since that time Morocco has ceased to be an independent nation; today it is a part of the French empire and ruled by white, European, men. Abyssinia still remains an independent kingdom, but Abyssinia is not and never has been a genuinely negro country. Abyssinia is not and never has been a republic. And with Italian development in Tripoli the days of Abyssinia, I fear, are numbered. Today the only part of the dark continent that remains in the hands and under the control of the negro is Liberia, the little republic on the west coast. It is the only bit of land in all Africa that remains a republic in government.

I hope you realize that your race is on trial in Liberia and that there you have your only chance to demonstrate to the world your constructive political ability. If Liberia is a success what a demonstration it will be to the world of the capacity of your race! If Liberia fails, it is probably your last chance to make a record in the field of government. The European nations know much more about Liberia than we do. England is not uninformed in regard to the resources of Liberia and of the things that go on there. France watches Liberian movement with care and nothing is done by your representative governing that black republic without her knowledge. Germany, with a yet more watchful eye, knows every incident in the daily history of that republic. Europe is watching anxiously, covetously, critically and with hostility, to see whether that nation of black men can maintain itself upon that west coast. Are *we* watching with the same care? Do the people in the United States know aught of Liberia? Do we remember its history? Do we know the name of its present ruler? Do we know the men who hold its fate in their hands? Do we know the difficulties they have to face? Do we realize that for more than sixty years they have contended against the shrewdest politicians of European nations? Do we realize that on the one side they are crowded by Great Britain and on the other side by France, and that they are constantly watched with eagle eye by Germany that, at the fatal moment, she may seize what she can before the neighbors divide the corpse of the dead republic?

How many of *us* know the movement of things in Liberia? White men here know nothing of it. What do the black men and women in this audience know about that little republic which demands and deserves to have your sympathy, your interest and your help? Is it a vital question to you, this of Liberia? It is a vital question but I doubt whether you appreciate it. If you did you would be doing more for Liberia than you are doing. Doctor Rankin spoke tonight about the vision which he had, the hope of development on the bank of the St. Paul River. He told you of the hospital that he hopes to raise; the agricultural school which he hopes to build. He expects your help in the rearing of school and hospital and in the erection of a central building for your mission from which to operate and send forth influence into the republic; but Liberia needs more from you than this. Liberia needs your interest, your sympathy, your money, your advice, your direction, your prayers and your aid in a thousand ways beyond those that he has indicated. Liberia, if she is to succeed, must have the colored people of the United States unitedly interested in her welfare and absolutely behind her to a man, woman and child. There are but a few people there in Liberia, tired people, worn out people, who need help if they are to make a successful struggle to maintain a republic in that black continent. Not until every one of you feels your duty to Liberia, not until every one of you does what you can to help her, can she hope for success. If the American black people turn a deaf ear to her appeal, if American black people are ignorant in regard to her dangers, her hopes, her enterprises, her efforts, Liberia will fail. You are the only human aid to whom she can look.

If you are the aid to which Liberia looks, how can you help her? What ought the black people of the United States to do for the black people in the little republic of Liberia on the west coast of Africa?

Well, to begin with you must constantly be in close and intimate contact with them. In no other way can you appreciate their problems; in no other way can you aid them to solve those problems. They must come here to see what you are doing in the United States. Every person, white or black, who looks fairly at the progress which your race has made in the United States since the emancipation must be filled with wonder, with approval, with satisfaction and delight. You have done nobly. Do you not think that for the Liberian to see the progress you have made will help him to advance? Do you not think that every Liberian who visits this country and comes into contact with your churches and your schools, your study-classes, your clubs, your enterprises of every sort, when he goes back, can help to do larger things? Invite them on every possible occasion to send delegates to your councils and conferences, to your public gatherings and celebrations.

You need to go to Liberia and see what they are doing. How many men are there here, colored men in the city of Chicago, men in professions, who have training in law or medicine or in the ministry, who could go to Liberia for some vacation and see for themselves what the people yonder are trying to undertake? Why don't you do so? How many of you exchange letters with Liberian friends? Some of your friends have gone there and settled. Have you kept up acquaintance? Do you correspond with them? Do you keep them informed as to the things you are doing? Do you show an interest in the things they are doing? There should be a mass of correspondence crossing the Atlantic, between the black people yonder and the black people here. They are founding little reading circles yonder. For example, at Edina there is a little group of boys meeting nights in rented rooms to read. They need books; they need magazines; they need newspapers. How many of you send books and magazines and papers over there to Liberia to help them? You could do it. You could help those people greatly if you would give them the feeling that sympathy, interest, knowledge that you and they are part of one great people, exist. You are not doing it to any great extent. I saw few letters from America while I was in that country; I saw few evidences of interest on your part in Liberia; yet, if Liberia is to succeed, there must be constant and continued contact between them and yourselves.

Secondly, if Liberia is to succeed, you must help them in the development of their resources. Now it happens that Liberia is the richest part of the whole continent. It is a land of virgin resources. White men have traded in West Africa for centuries; they brought beads and trade stuffs and took out the precious things they could get from the black people of Africa. The trade has been largely in the hands of the British. The steamers and sailing vessels that went up and down that coast trading for produce were mainly British vessels. The whole coast has been exploited, but Liberia has been neglected. Why? Because they thought Liberia could be starved into becoming a British possession; if their ships would not trade with the little black republic it would in time come under the Union Jack; so it was left alone and neglected through the years. *Today* the trade of Western Africa is not so completely in British hands as once it was. There are now other ships besides the English vessels that land at the coast ports. Under these new conditions, Liberia is beginning to be able to sell her products to advantage to the outside world, but she is still undeveloped, with a wealth of oil, rubber, coffee, gums, piassava fiber and rich mineral deposits. Who should exploit this wealth? To whom does it belong? It belongs to black men. Why, then, should it be sold to white men? Why should Liberia depend for its development upon foreigners and white men? I had a letter only a few days ago from T. McCants Stewart of the Supreme Court of Liberia, who is now in London. This letter was written to me on headed paper and the letterheading reads as follows: "Liberian-American Produce Company, Limited. Agriculture (oils, coffee)—Public Works (roads)—Mining (gold). Justice Stewart is raising money for that enterprise in London. Isn't it a pity? Isn't it strange that wealth which belongs to black people should have to be sold to whites when there are millions of black men getting rich here in the United States, whose money, if it were needed for the development of Liberia, ought to be at work yonder for the betterment of black folk? I had a letter from another friend, from Monrovia, only a few days ago. In this letter the following occurs: (Dossen, Ross, Stewart) "and about forty others; they all expect to have a dinner and a big time in England on July 26." July 26 was only yesterday. Last night Mr. T. McCants Stewart and Mr. Ross and Judge Dossen and

about forty others had their fine banquet in London. The object of their presence there is to get British capital to develop black men's resources. Notice the day their banquet took place; it was the 26th of July. How many of you know what the 26th of July is? Hands up, please, hands up. A few. It is the anniversary of the declaration of independence of the Liberian republic. It celebrates that splendid event which, in 1847, added a new nation to the sisterhood of nations of the world—a nation of black men organized upon a democratic-republican form of government. That was yesterday. Did we celebrate the day here in Chicago? Over in London, where they keep track of Liberian affairs, white men and black men together celebrated it and talked over raising capital for an *American*-Liberian Produce Company. Black men in the United States have prospered so well that they are looking for investments; if you are looking for investments that will pay the highest returns, look to Liberia. Do not misunderstand me. Unless you watch your money it will get away from you, whether it is invested in Liberia or in the United States,—whether it is invested with white men or with black men; but if it does, that is your own fault. You should look into the things that you are invited to invest in, and after you have looked into them you should keep your eyes upon your investment and keep your hand there. When you do that in Liberia it will help the most natural field of investment for black people.

In the third place, there should be direct connection betwen this country and Liberia. I wish I had the time to tell you the history of the lines of boats that have plied between the two countries. There have been such boats and at one time a considerable trade was built up in that way. It was long ago. It was interrupted by the civil war. How many things that war upturned. Some of them ought to be upturned, some ought not, and among the things that should not have been harmed or hindered was that old trade between the United States and Liberia. Well, for many years there has been no easy way of going from New York or Baltimore to Liberia. One had to go from New York to Liverpool or Hamburg or Antwerp and then by a different line of steamers from that place down the west coast of Africa. It was expensive work; it was time consuming; it was a long, hard, tiresome journey. There ought to be a direct line of steamers. It happens that *now* there is a steamer once in two months. On one sailing it is an English, the next time it is a German steamer. From New York to Monrovia the journey is made in nineteen days. There ought to be a good line of steamers sailing every two weeks, or at most every month; it ought to be a line of steamers that is not controlled in England or Germany; it ought to be controlled by American black people. It should be easy for you, if you want to see Liberia, to take your own comfortable steamer in Baltimore or New York, and in decent staterooms, with clean surroundings and with gentlemanly treatment, to make your journey in first-class style to Liberia, in order to visit your friends and cousins, who over yonder are trying to maintain an independent state.

In the fourth place they should have a bank there. They need a bank as badly as they need anything. There are plenty of Liberians who have some money; they are not altogether paupers; they are not begging you to come, but they need a bank. There *is* a bank there. The British Bank of West Africa has branches in different parts of the republic. I saw something recently about a French bank in Monrovia; I do not know whether it is flourishing or not. But any British bank or French bank or German bank established in Liberia does not meet the needs of the people of the republic; those banks are run simply for commercial ends, not as a means of elevating or helping a race. They are run simply to put cash in the pockets of white stockholders in European towns. Well it ought not to be so; it should be different. There should be a good bank there, with three branches in different places. It should be a negro bank with Libero-American capital. If you will supply experience and half the capital there would be no trouble about the Liberians putting up the other half. Such a bank would be a good enterprise both from the point of view of making money for stockholders and of helping to make the nation strong and respectable.

There is a fifth way in which you ought to help Liberia, and this is the last specific way that I shall mention. You ought to help Liberia by sending men and women there. The people of Liberia need to be reinforced. There is room there for hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. Ten thousand American negroes going over there, carrying in ideas, energy, and cash, would do an awful sight of good to that poor Liberian republic. But they don't want hoboes; they don't want failures. It is no place for failures. A failure who goes to Liberia will starve to death, and ought to starve. In Liberia they need a special type of people. They need people who are young and vigorous, and there ought to be any quantity of young and vigorous men and women ready to go to Liberia and carve themselves out success, and help to make conditions firm and strong and to develop that nation so that it should and shall be respected wherever its name is heard. They must be serious and prepared persons, who have the preparation to do something, people with a definite purpose. They must be persistent and dogged persons, because it is no easy thing to go to a new country and make a success. They must have strong hopes. They must have a definite plan and must stick to it through every kind of disappointment and never think of failure. If they do not think of failures, they will not fail. They must have ideas and judgment. But do not think that you will be welcome. O dear, no. No, they will not receive all with open arms if you go over there. It makes no difference how high your purpose, nor how noble your ambition, nor what bright views you have for the future of the country,—they are not going to welcome you warmly. They will think "here comes a man who plans to criticize us here; he is a smart Aleck who isn't satisfied with the way we do things; he is a man who wants our job—well he shan't have it." You see. Naturally enough there are not too many jobs. Every job is taken, and when they see a man coming in they distrust him as an intruder. But good men will make jobs for themselves. If only you will go in numbers and form villages and organize new towns and develop new country, in a few years you will have enough jobs and positions to outfit all your people, and there will be so much doing in that republic that there will be room for each and all, and there will be no need of fear that those already there will be crowded out by the new comers. Go with the feeling

that you have got to win your own way. You will have some difficulties to meet before your find your place, but you have a place; and then when you have found it, remember that you are helping to build a nation, a nation that shall be respected and will demonstrate to the whole world that the black man is not inferior when it comes to constructive labor. Look at your own church here with its million members. "Thank God for Allen's church." It is the finest example of negro constructive ability, I believe, presented to the public gaze at the present hour. If you have accomplished this here in the United States, what can you people do over yonder in a land which is a black man's country—which must be developed by black men and held by black men for their race to the end of time. The victory will come if they can have your help. It will not come unless they have your help.

In closing there are just two words I wish to say. With mutual knowledge (that is, when they know you better and when you know them better), with mutual sympathy (yours and theirs), and with vigorous teamwork, realizing that it is your one chance in Liberia, it will be your fault if she is crowded and wiped off the map. Realizing that and working together harmoniously, think what a victory you can gain there on the west coast of Africa. It would be the most splendid thing that your race has ever done anywhere. Lastly, I want you to realize why I say, "Liberia a Mission." If the victory comes, and, if it does come it is to your credit, Liberia becomes a beacon and a ray of hope. A successful Liberia means so much for Africa. If Liberia succeeds, its influence goes to the remotest corner of that dark continent. If Liberia is a success, a whole continent is elevated and lifted and a whole race is redeemed. After all is said and done, AFRICAN REDEMPTION depends upon the black republic.

THE MEN WHO TRY.

I was never a great believer
In the thing that men call "luck,'
It takes hard, downright digging
Ere the vein of gold be struck.
Dame Fortune may be fickle,
But none of us can deny
That she loves to lay her treasures
At the feet of the men who try.

I've read the records closely,
I've watched life's battle, too;
They've taught me one good lesson
That I would teach to you:
Fate cannot build a barrier
So rugged or so high,
But it can be surmounted
By the men who try, and try.

I honor the man of learning,
I honor the genius, too;
The strong man, and the brave man—
I honor them all,—don't you?
But when in the great procession
Of life they pass me by,
I lift my hat the highest
To the men who try, and try.

St. Nicholas. —*Whitney Montgomery.*

INK.

Some folks dip pens into the Ink,
And find the thoughts they want to think.
But somehow, when my pen comes out,
The thoughts are scattered all about!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

My Library—No. XII.

I think my first knowledge that there really was such a man or writer of importance as Emerson, came to me through reading an illustrated article in *Harper's Monthly Magazine,* in which there were not only pictures of the men and women of Concord, Mass., who had made a deep and lasting impression upon the intellectual world, but also most delightful bits of information about their personalities and homes, their ways of living, and the books that had come from their pens. In this way I came to know in a breath that Thoreau and his book "Walden" were topics not more curious than worth while; that Hawthorne and "The Scarlet Letter" should be admitted as familiar acquaintances, as soon as practicable; that the Alcotts, father and daughter both, were people that should in no sense be overlooked; and that Emerson had long since retired from his pulpit, in order simply that from his untrammeled platforms in Concord and other places he could say what he desired, to whomsoever would listen, and without legitimate offense to anyone. Indeed the reading of this article stirred my literary curiosity to its deepest soundings; and as I now reread its very vivid pages, then carefully excerpted and always kept with almost religious jealousy, I feel much of the glow and hope and impulse of the one precious hour when I was first introduced to Concord and its masterfully attractive circle.

Following this not very long after and typical of very much, in fact, of nearly all, of my experience in book accessioning for years, was the getting, the holding and the final disposing of my first set of Emerson's "Prose Works." In three volumes it was, with green cloth covers, not very excellent print, and never the sort of "Emerson" that one could be satisfied with for a permanent member of one's library. Still, it nobly served its purpose for the time being, and later became all streaked and shotted with pencilings that marked the many-times-beaten pathway through. And the way it was gotten! Why, this alone was almost sufficient to endear it forevermore.

For many weeks the precious volumes had stood in all their unhandled freshness on the shelves of my book-loving shopkeeper, and all the time had stood so entrancingly

Full of invitations sweet

to hours of delight and instruction and inspiration, unspeakable, that I was determined somehow to possess them, even though, as I was bound to fear, flour-sacks and coal-bins might possibly have to wait a bit for necessary replenishing! And wasn't it a joy from time to time to drive a little faster to the city, four miles away, just in order once more to get a chance to look upon them; and then what almost sweet pathos to have to come away without them, for the third, fourth, fifth, or even seventh time, simply because purse and duty forbade; and then, finally, with eyes half shut to the grim significance of these, gingerly to bring them home and keep them closely guarded for many months, and even years, not only to "dip into" as opportunity offered, but to find oneself become more and more helpfully suffused with their light and saturated with their aroma of solid worth, from more constant personal companionship. If one has never been through this gradual sensitizing of appreciation, this forming within of divinest strength

and hope, this sweet tantalizing of the avid heart, this step-by-step realization of the better self,—all in spite of many hindrances, and largely through overcoming many difficulties, both real and imaginary,—one can never understand the closeness of fellowship that may obtain, when one's Library comes finally to possess such works of real value as Emerson's, and especially after such long waiting and with such ever increasing anticipatory satisfaction. No wonder that such a possession is not lightly to be let go, even when "Fortune's kindlier hand has placed within reach" a much better edition more handsomely bound and appropriately embellished. The first love here, as elsewhere, certainly reaches down to harmonies that nothing afterwards is very likely to reveal! And to the one to whom the love comes, it passes all speculation as to whether even a fraction of such real satisfaction can ever come to anyone else, so much does it mean when such an author is first possessed, and his pages afterward turned and re-turned until they shall have largely become fixed too indelibly upon one's memory, ever to be erased!

Emerson's poetry, too, although coming to my attention only after his prose had been my intellectual stay and discipline for years, made its own impression in its own vital way, and not less satisfactory. "The Snow Storm" I had read in a newspaper, and I knew from much observation how altogether true

> The fierce artificer
> Curves his white bastions with projected roof
> Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.

I had read "Fable" also, and felt that the unequal quarrel between mountain and squirrel had been rightly settled by both sides accepting the obvious but frequently forgotten conclusion that

> Talents differ; all is well and wisely put.

Beyond these, all was unknown to me until My Library had gained a complete set of "Emerson," and then, what revel there was for many an hour! "Good-bye" was responded to, perhaps a little too heartily; for I had often felt,

> Long have I tossed like the driven foam,

and had as often longed for the spot, where,

> Vulgar feet had never trod,
> A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

"Each and All," too, gave voice to much of experience, as I had already found it; and the comparison of Baby and Man, in "The Sphinx," laid bare much that had great need of consideration, later on. "The Rhodora" appealed to everything fine within me, and my liking for the suggestiveness of all out-of-doors was most luxuriously indulged in "Wood-Notes", from beginning to end. But why particularize, when it is perhaps more to the point to say at once that always have I found Emerson's writings, both poetry and prose, to be replete with worth-whileness, and to constitute a reliable source of thought and action, which can be appreciated more and more only as one becomes more and more thoroughly familiar with them. Always there is something new, always there is goodly instruction, and sweet rest for the weary soul, and a bracing optimism that has not a false note in it. To the American who is proud of his land and all its unwonted development, Emerson's entire works constitute a possession which at all times will stand at the high-water level of our national achievement and worth.

That I so took to Emerson, is always a wonder to me, especially when I recollect how difficult of comprehension he for years proved to be, and how many times I had to read him before I could suppose myself to be at all near a right understanding of what he meant. But in spite of this there was something in him that thoroughly satisfied me. Probably it was mostly the spirit of the man himself that attracted and fixed my attention, rather than his style or subject-matter; for I have never even yet found myself constructing any sort of creed from his words, nor have I ever yet taken him entirely word for word, as an only apostle of unquestioned truth. Yet how vividly do I remember, how vividly shall I always remember, that beautiful June day, when, as I stood affectionately caressing the beautiful rose quartz that marks his resting place, it seemed as if I were simply at the grave of a very dear, very close friend, or even relative, so personal had always been the touch of my spirit with his ever since my first attempts to read and understand him. Indeed I soon found myself feeling, as in subdued and submissive spirit

> I yielded myself to the perfect whole,

that perhaps the infinitely comprehending spirit of Emerson would sometime be minded not ungraciously to receive even my comparatively so poor one into that

> Fellowship
> Of minds that each can stand against the world
> By its own meek and incorruptible will;

and that in this heavenly reception and fellowship I should still ever continue to grow, even as with his writings I had ever grown, more and more into all that was eternally better and better. To me, Emerson has always been somebody to attain to; he has always been instruction, inspiration, discipline, hope and courage. Until I, too, die, I expect no one to take his place; although many others will continue acceptably to fill their own places, even as always they so largely have in my better consciousness and deeper heart.

I remember buying Lowell's "Poems" only after I had already possessed his "Among My Books;" but at once some of them became favorites. Over and over did I read his "Sonnets," and the beauty of them with their most noble sentiment has never faded from my mind. "My Love" was another, which, after having been pointed out by a friend, came to be of the elect. "On the Death of a Friend's Child," with its lines,

> 'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
> Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
> Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
> The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed,

gave a dignity to the common daily travail and pain which I had not before so clearly conceived. Of course "The Vision of Sir Launfal," with its apt appreciation and fine rendering of the month of June and all its glories, and its sure finding of "The Grail"

> In whatso we share with another's need,

appealed not alone to whatever was poetical within myself, but to my choicest ethical susceptibility even more strongly. In the "Fable for Critics" I found much pleasure in his characteristic felicity of expression, and when I came to "The Bigelow Papers," these simply conquered me, as I read in words, so very much that had been distilled from the war-times through which I had earlier passed, and the interesting observations which I had all along been making

of everybody and everything. In "Under the Willows" I met June again, in goodly companionship with May, if only, alas!

A ghastly parody of real spring;

as well as with the willow itself; which I have since seen, and where, as the author says,

Under it full often have I stretched
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly.

So would I liked to have stretched with him, if only for a moment.

It was good to read all these and the rest, and to feel that Lowell could be as "poetical" as he had been "prosaic" in a most full and finished sense. Yet it has always seemed to me that one of the "calamities" of his own life had no sure content or reward of a "golden round" in his own "shining ladder" at all; in fact, I had and have still a feeling that, if Mary White Lowell had only lived on through all the nearly forty years of companionship which death denied her, not only would Lowell's output as a poet have been much more than it is, but that in certain aspects of sentiment and fervor, he would have reached a much higher place than he did, high as this undoubtedly is. For, however much we value "The Cathedral," "The Commemmoration Ode," and the "Memorial Poems," we are yet obliged to confess to a feeling of the lack of the indefinable but very certain "tang" which made the earlier efforts so satisfactory. Undoubtedly there is intellectuality in these, and plenty of it; so is there feeling, too; but, running through them all, as through most of the poetical work of the second period of his married life, there is a kind of forced warmth which does not affect the reader as his earlier more spontaneous work did. I can assume that this has been explained by the heavy labor which he performed as a Harvard professor. Lowell himself would have said so, if he acknowledged the difference at all. But there is a "lost note," nevertheless, which this does not explain, and I doubt not that the spirit of Mary White knows beyond peradventure the right solution.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

ORCHARDS.

Orchards in the Spring-time! Oh, I think and think of them—
Filmy mists of pink and white above the fresh, young green,
Lifting and drifting—how my eyes could drink of them!
I'm staring at a dirty wall beyond a big machine.

Orchards in the Spring-time! Deep in soft, cool shadows,
Moving all together when the west wind blows
Fragrance upon fragrance over road and meadows—
I'm smelling heat and oil and sweat, and thick, black clothes.

Orchards in the Spring-time! The clean white and pink of them—
Lifting and drifting with all the winds that blow.
Orchards in the Spring-time! Thank God I still can think of them!
You're not docked for the thinking—if the foreman doesn't know.

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Everybody's Magazine, April, 1914.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXIII.

Seneca

Mrs. Helen R. Ransom, Leader

TEXT: *"Man is born for mutual assistance."*
Essay on Anger.

"You must live for another if you wish to live for yourself." *XLVIII Letter.*

Alexander's conquests, while extending Hellenism to the farthest East, rudely shattered the old order of the Greek world. The course of philosophic inquiry became greatly changed. The earliest Greek thinkers started with the study of Nature. The sophists brought about a reaction toward literature and culture; after which the Socratic ideal of knowledge was declared the basis of moral conduct. Stoicism retains more of Socrates' philosophy than does any other school, and was founded by Zeno about 294 B. C. The name of Stoic was derived from the porch called Stoa Poecile in which students gathered together to study. Our knowledge of Stoicism is fragmentary, but we have one famous Hymn to Zeus, the only one preserved in full, by Cleanthes, who was born about 300 B. C., which has been put into splendid verse by Dr. James Adam. In it is contained the best doctrine of Stoicism. There is another short stanza which bears some resemblance to our hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Lead me, O Zeus, lead Thou me Destiny,
By whatsoever path ye have ordained.
I will not flinch; but if, to evil prone,
My will rebelled, I needs must follow still.

The orthodox Stoic account of Nature starts with the recognition of two principles, one active, the other passive. The one is God, the other matter. In the beginning God alone existed, having in a general conflagration absorbed into his substance all Nature. This primary substance then passed through the stages of vapor, or air and water, or moisture. From this moisture the four elements are developed: earth, water, atmospheric air, and again the air enkindles fire out of itself. Thus the parts are in a constant state of change, and when the present cycle has run its course, all matter will be absorbed once more into primary substance, or Deity, and a new cycle is begun. As each cycle is a faithful reproduction of preceding cycles, all evil, as well as all good, is everlastingly perpetuated. The Stoics seemed to believe in many gods and called them by the names of the various gods of the day; but superstition, myths, shrines, temples, sacrifices and prayers were denounced. The oracles alone escaping through their stronghold on the popular mind. They aimed to prove that moral good or virtue is the

natural object of a rational man's desire and pursuit. To live a life of good a man must be in harmony within himself and with his reason.

Stoicism found its greatest followers among the later Roman philosophers, and the Stoics never had a literary exponent more ardent or more eloquent than Lucius Annaes Seneca. He was born probably about 7 B. C. in Cordova, Spain, but his family moved to Rome when he was about two years old. We know little of his earlier years, for, strangely enough, the ancient writers wrote little about their boyhood. We learn he suffered much from ill health. His father was a Roman knight, a well-to-do man of the world, intelligent, with a turn for public speaking, with plenty of common sense, and a contempt for whatever he considered philosophical or fantastic, and with a keen eye to the main advantage. His mother, Helvia, was less common-place, and, but for her husband's dislike, could have become very proficient in learning and philosophy. Her nobility of mind and sweetness of character are particularly remarkable. A sister and aunt, women of high character, and two brothers, completed the family circle. Marcus Annaes Novatus, or Junius Gallio, which latter name he took when adopted by the orator of that name.

The Gallic of Acts xviii, v. 12, was Lucius Anneas Mela, the other brother, was the father of Lucan, the poet. The brothers devoted themselves to the study of theory and eloquence, while Seneca gave his entire attention to philosophy. In his writings he mentions two of his teachers in particular, Sotion, the Pythagorean who taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which led Seneca to become a vegetarian; the other Attalus, the Stoic, who seems to have had the main share in the instruction of Seneca.. Of the four schools of man's development and education, prenatal, paternal, scholastic and the school of the world, Seneca was undoubtedly most influenced by the last. If we judge him rightly, we must know something of the national conditions which existed when he lived.

In the age of Augustus, the going-to-pieces process of the Roman government began. It was an age of the greatest wealth existing side by side by with abject poverty; an age of atheism and superstition. It was an age when the pursuit of luxuries and pleasures was the aim of most; gambling, eating, drinking being mild forms of pastimes. It was an age full of suicide. The philosophies, particularly Stoicism, glorified it, for if Reason, being the master, said a man was better off dead, he ended his life then and there. This was an age of great cruelty; the shows of gladiators, the combats of wild beasts, the burning to death of martyrs, all helped to harden the hearts of men.

Caius Cæsar (Caligula) was the ruler under whom Seneca's early manhood years were spent. At this time Seneca obtained a senatorship through his eloquence and Caligula would have killed him but that he seemed so feeble he let him go. During the latter years of Caligula's reign Seneca went into retirement for political reasons. At this time he did most of his best studying. Indeed, he himself chronicles: "I am now doing work for posterity." His style was mostly antithetical, and one authority writes: "He looks best in quotations, which is an admission that there is something there to quote."

Claudius, the next ruler, is compared by Canon Farrar to King James I and Seneca to Sir Walter Raleigh. Claudius was a learned though a weak man, and through the influence of one of his five wives, Messalina, the most dissolute woman of the time, banished Seneca to the Island of Corsica. He was kept in exile eight years and had need for the philosophy expressed in a Consolation written to his mother: "Every one can secure his own happiness if he learns to seek it, not in external circumstances, but in himself." For a while he lived nobly in exile, but finding his case apparently hopeless, he literally grovelled at the feet of Polybius in the hope of being restored. In A. D. 49 he was recalled by Aggripina, mother of Nero. Her motives for bringing back the favorite philosopher and most popular author of the Roman world, and her plotting to obtain the throne for her son, form an interesting story. In looking at this period it is hard to make Seneca's life coincide with his philosophy. For five years Seneca really ruled in Nero's name. But Nero was high-handed. Seneca had made concessions to his student, and had allowed him to follow the follies of his own desires. It is doubtless due to this fact that he so constantly had occasion to apologize for Nero. Though Seneca had no share in Nero's crime of killing his step-brother, he helped to gloss it over, and historians claim received great largesse. When the death of Aggripina had been accomplished, Nero held Seneca no longer necessary to him, and from 59 to 62 Seneca is not heard of. In 62 Barrus, the honest Senator, was killed, and Seneca, against the pretended wishes of Nero, feigned illness and retired to his home. It was at this time that the burning of Rome took place. Also about this time Paul was sent to Rome with a group of prisoners, where he taught the new doctrine. Out of this fact much was made and certain apocalyptic letters appeared, which, for a long time, were supposed to have been exchanged between Seneca and Paul, but which since have been found to be spurious. Seneca was looked upon with great favor by the early church, however. Jerome speaks of him as "Our Seneca," and the Council of Trent spoke highly of his writings, for many parallels to scripture can be found in Seneca's writings.

While Seneca was in retirement a conspiracy was discovered, and his name becoming involved with the list of those perfecting it, a tribune was sent to him and he was told to prepare for death. In true stoic fashion his wife Paulia asked to die with him and the veins in the arms of both were opened.

Thus ended this most inconsistent man of philosophy, one who with approximately $10,000,000 at interest, praised poverty; who, in a garden of luxurious beauty, meditated epigrams on the evils of luxury; who ranted about liberty, while fawning on a tyrant!

Seneca speaks of God as the soul of the universe. As this is God of necessity, and man from choice, man is the greater of the two. He is master of the world because he is master of himself. Being master of himself, he knows how to die; therefore he can live. Being master of himself, he is free from passion; therefore calm in storm and happy in adversity. The one grand aim of the philosophy of Seneca was ease. Some of his essays were written "On a Happy Life," "On Tranquility," "On Ease," "On Anger." The strain of his writings is always high and true though his rhetoric is often faulty and his style stilted.

QUESTIONS.

(1) When and by whom was stoicism founded?
(2) What is known of the family antecedents of Seneca?

(3) What inconsistencies are related of Seneca's life?
(4) What was the character of the writings left to the world by Seneca?

HYMN OF CLEANTHES TO ZEUS.

O God most glorious, called by many a name,
Nature's great King, through endless years the same;
Omnipotence, who by thy just decree
Controllest all, hail, Zeus, for unto thee
Behooves thy creatures in all lands to call.
We are thy children, we alone, of all
On earth's broad ways that wander to and fro,
Bearing thy image wheresoe'er we go.
Wherefore with songs of praise thy power I will forth show.
Lo! yonder heaven, that round the earth is wheeled,
Follows thy guidance, still to thee doth yield
Glad homage; thine unconquerable hand
Such flaming minister, the levin-brand,
Wieldeth, a sword two-edged, whose deathless might
Pulsates through all that Nature brings to light;
Vehicle of the universal Word, that flows
Through all, and in the light celestial glows
Of stars both great and small. O King of Kings
Through ceaseless ages, God, whose purpose brings
To birth, whate'er on land or in the sea
Is wrought, or in high heavens immensity;
Save what the sinner works infatuate.
Nay, but thou knowest to make crooked straight;
Chaos to thee is order; in thine eyes
The unloved is lovely, who did'st harmonize
Things evil with things good, that there should be
One Word through all things everlastingly.
One Word—whose voice alas! the wicked spurn;
Insatiate for the good their spirits yearn;
Yet seeing see not, neither hearing hear
God's universal law, which those revere,
By reason guided, happiness who win.
The rest, unreasoning, diverse shapes of sin
Self-prompted follow; for an idle name
Vainly they wrestle in the lists of fame;
Others inordinately Riches woo,
Or dissolute, the joys of flesh pursue.
Now here, now there they wander, fruitless still
For ever seeking good and finding ill.
Zeus the all-bountiful, whom darkness shrouds,
Whose lightning lightens in the thunder clouds;
Thy children save from error's deadly sway;
Turn thou the darkness from their souls away;
Vouchsafe that unto knowledge they attain;
For thou by knowledge art made strong to reign
O'er all, and all things rulest righteously,
So by thee honoured, we will honour thee,
Praising thy work continually with songs,
As mortals should; nor higher meed belongs
E'en to the gods, than justly to adore
The universal law for evermore.

Written about 300 *B. C.*

—Translated by Dr. James Adam

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

A Stream laughed merrily the livelong day,—
It laughed, too, in its sleep,—
While on the bank a willow, silver-gray,
Did nothing else but weep.

Do serious moments never come, O stream?"
I asked impatiently.
It answered, "I am doing what I deem
My best to cheer that stream!"

I asked the willow if it never smiled;
It only shed fresh tears,
"To change the flippant nature of that child
I've wept, alas! for years."

—Antoinette DeCoursey Patterson.

Youth's Companion.

Drink in Russia

The three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Romanoff dynasty, which was celebrated in Russia not long ago with imperial pomp, will perhaps be especially remembered as the starting point of one of the greatest reforms that any country ever undertook —no less a thing than emancipating the people from drunkenness.

While the Tsar was traveling about the empire to commemorate the accession of the first Romanoff to the throne, he observed everywhere what he himself described as "the weakness, poverty and economic desolation that are the inevitable results of drunkenness." Consequently, soon after the close of the festivities, he ordered a radical measure of reform legislation to be introduced in the Duma, and followed that order with a personal decree in which he commanded all military officers to give up the ancient custom of drinking to the health of the Tsar and the imperial family. The effect of the decree will be to abolish all drinking of toasts in the army; a Russian, forbidden to drink to the Tsar, will not dare to propose a toast to any less distinguished person.

The action is the more remarkable because the government has for years fostered and encouraged drinking, for the sake of the revenue it derives from its monopoly of the sale of liquors. Count Witte, formerly the leading statesman of the empire, was chiefly responsible for the monopoly, which at the present time pays into the imperial treasury about $400,000,000 a year. The revenue, of course, is welcome; but the Tsar wisely says that "the prosperity of the exchequer ought not to be dependent on the moral and material ruin of so many of the people." Indeed, Count Witte himself now perceives the folly of his plan, and condemns it as "the Mephistopheles of Russian national existence."

Under the bill that the Tsar wishes to have enacted, and that may indeed have become law by the time this article appears, every Russian township will decide, by a majority vote, whether liquor shall be sold there or not; and the women as well as the men will vote on the question. Some competent observers believe that the result will be outright prohibition throughout nine-tenths of Russia.

If the act brings any result such as that, it will make Nicholas II a "Liberator Tsar" whose place in history will be no less worthy than that of his grandfather, Alexander II, who freed the serfs.

Youth's Companion.

After all, it is easy for us who are safely removed from the struggle and stress of the toilers, to condemn the radicals or label men and movements with a name which smacks of the plague or the pestilence. It was a crowd like that which said of Jesus, "He hath a devil," and joined in the ready cry: "Crucify him."

The one thing we are all apt to forget is, that anarchy and kindred movements grow out of a soil made stony and hard by injustice. They are symptoms of a disease in the body social, and the ill cannot be cured by jailing or hanging or crucifying the men who feel the hurt most and cry out in their agony.

—Edward A. Steiner.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—We care less each day for the heroism connected with warfare and destruction and constantly admire more that which pertains to labor and the nourishing of human life.

MON.—We continue to defend war on the ground that it stirs the nobler blood and the higher imagination of the nation; and thus frees it from moral stagnation and the bonds of commercialism. We do not see that this is to borrow our virtues from a former age and to fail to utilize our own.

TUES.—As the policeman who makes terms with vice, and almost inevitably slides into making gain from vice, merely represents the type of politician who is living off the weakness of his fellows, so the over-zealous reformer who exaggerates vice until the public is scared and awestruck, represents the type of politician who is living off the timidity of his fellows.

WED.—Have we lost that most conservative of all beliefs —the belief in the average man, and thereby forfeited Aristotle's ideal of a city "where men live a common life for nobler ends?"

THURS.—Let us realize before it is too late that in this age of iron, of machine tending and of subdivided labor, we need as never before the untrammeled and inspired activity of youth.

FRI.—The attitude of understanding and respect for the worker is necesary, not only to appreciate what he produces, but to preserve his power of production, again showing the necessity for making that substitute for war—human labor—more aggressive and democratic.

SAT.—We certainly may hope for two results if women enter formally into municipal life. First, the opportunity to fulfill their old duties and obligations with the safeguard which the ballot alone can secure for them under the changed conditions, and, second, the education which participation in actual affairs always brings.

—Jane Addams in "Newer Ideals of Peace."

THE AFTER HOUR.

"What is your gift?" the Angel asked,
"Ye who have spent your days."
One offered him, with answering shout,
A little wreath of praise,
And cried, "Behold! I made men glad
With potent roundelays."

Another showed a raiment rich
In that great after hour,
And said, "I disciplined the race,
I bent them to my power
I ruled—they served God well, through me
And wrought for me my dower."

A third of gentler mien and gait
Made answer languidly—
"I used my wealth for culture's sake
More beautiful to be—
Naught have I but a polished joy—
Smooth offering to thee."

The Angel threaded ranks of souls
With eyes of finest fire—
"What else, ye children of new life,
New hope and new desire,
What else is brought me from dead days
To wake my living lyre?"

A murmur of dumb anguish sped
Through those wide ranks unblest,
And then a woman sere and sad
Made answer for the rest,
"Little we have to offer thee
And much to be confessed!

"Behold us soiled and pitiful,
And hunger-stung and mean,
And know the labor of our days
Was but to keep life clean,
To fashion children of flesh,
To toil unheard, unseen.

"To till the field, to swell the crane,
To guard the switch at night,
With briefest rest to soften care,
And with the first gray light
Rough-handed to begin again,
An old and ugly fight.

"We were not spared for any dream
Of a diviner deed;
Our strength was spent ere it was given
To meet love's present need—
Into this life we bring no gift
But hearts and hands that bleed."

With one hot glance of joy and pride
The Angel shouted, "Lo!"
It is a gift of mighty worth
Albeit you did not know—
And God himself no greater gift
Than such strong love can show!"

—Marguerite O. B. Wilkinson.

Giving Up the Game

The age at which men find themselves compelled by pressure of business, or the cares of life, or by physical infirmity to give up their favorite game is advancing. Once upon a time games were almost exclusively for those who were still in school or in college. When a boy took up what was depressingly referred to as "the serious business of life," he was expected to abandon the frivolous point of view that playing games was supposed to denote. The boys of that period are today serving a late apprenticeship at the game of golf, or spending frequent afternoons as spectators of professional ball games.

Having found out for themselves that such early deprivation is a mistake, they do not impose it on their sons. Innumerable Americans are nearing middle age who are almost as active on the tennis courts or on the golf links as in the days of their youth. Football, of course, they have had to give up; it cannot be played as the casual recreation of a busy man. To baseball some men cling, although with difficulty; it requires a larger number of players than is readily available. Yet on holiday occasions, when middle-aged men long out of practice engage in baseball, there will always be a fair proportion of them who show that they retain much of their juvenile skill and alertness. They do not slide to bases, but they field the ball cleanly and bat vigorously, and not only feel themselves, but make the observers believe that with a little practice they could, in the vernacular, "come back."

The giving up of games should be so gradual, so voluntary, that it involves no sense of loss or of sacrifice. Generally speaking, so long as a man has an impulse and a desire to play a game, he will be the better for yielding to it. That is the wisdom that the new generation has learned.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL LETTER

The last week of this year's summer school at Tower Hill is ended, and the noble company of the immortals who have been so potently summoned out of the past to give us of their wisdom have been again sent back to Olympus—but they have left behind in our possession many an ancient pearl whose antiquity in no wise bedims its value.

"He is no slave whose mind is free" may release us of today from our invisible fetters of tradition and habit and custom and superstition quite as gloriously as it released Epictetus from his intangible but less insidious bonds.

That "Property is the curse of us all" may gain a tolerance and a credence from the lips of Seneca which we would never accord to similar truths on the tongue of a contemporary socialist. That "he who knows he is ignorant hath a piece of wisdom" encourages some of us now even as it did the dull ones of Philo's followers. And from the Talmud come many quaint and beautiful and valuable gems of ancient lore, and though we smile to learn that Jehovah did not complete his creation until Monday when he made the mule, we do not in modern thinking get beyond Hillel's tremendous summary: "That which is hateful to thyself do not to thy neighbor. This is the law, all the rest is commentary."

And so we finished the last week in the four weeks course in the history of that fruitful and much neglected period which intervenes between the Old Testament and the New. The work this week covered the relation to this period and its literature of Philo, Seneca, Epictetus, Josephus and of the Talmudic compilers.

The Hill is, confessedly, not given to the old type of "testimony" meeting, but a brief and vigorous one was held at the opening of the closing meeting on Friday when its members seized the opportunity of attempting to put into always inadequate words some faint expression of what the course has meant to them,—of the inspiration which comes through contact with the great free mind and broad vision of Tower Hill's Patriarch, who so freely and at such sacrifice of time and effort places his wisdom at the service of us all.

During the week the Nature-study Class added more friends to its visiting list—a beautiful greeny-gray tree-toad, moths and butterflies and their larvæ, trees and flowers and birds. A list of thirty or more trees to be found within the limits of the Hill was prepared and typewritten to be left in the Library. A similar and longer list of flowers now in blossom was also made. The compositæ were studied, and the month's work reviewed and summarized.

The three evening gatherings of the Hillians have been marked with variety in the renewal of old friendships and the making of new ones. Sunday's Vesper service began with the singing of favorite hymns, a beautiful solo by one of the Hill guests, a reading of the Emerson responsive service, and then a scanning of two books of Tagore: "The Crescent Moon," that charming and fanciful interpretation of the child mind; and the "Gitanjali," whose separate songs embody many phases of the oriental philosophy of Tagore.

Tuesday evening two of the more neglected of the later Browning poems were read, "Reverie" and "Rephan," and, as a parting spur to courage, Browning's swan-song, that glorious, deathless trumpet call, the "Epilogue" to Asolando.

Then came Masefield's "Salt Water Ballads," the "Consecration" to which makes it well suited to this day of cruel warfare and bitter striving of the few to rule the many by the use of their sacrifice, for the poet sings:

"Not of the princes and prelates with
periwigged charioteers . . . . .
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the
men hemmed in with the spears;
The men of the tattered battalion which
fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the
din and the cries."

Thursday's reading included the work of a number of modern poets—some of whose hitherto unknown and unpublished efforts UNITY herewith offers to its readers, despite the modesty of the authors. Preceding this newest poesy, however, came James H. West's attractive volume of poems from which was chosen a sonnet and the delightful narrative of Timothy John, the Potato Man, which everyone liked. Then we stirred to Service's ringing Prelude and his hymn of the joy of life and of living, "The Rolling Stone," from his latest volume, "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone." Last and finest, the "Biography" of Masefield, from his "Story of a Round House," moved us all and lifted us with its guerdon:

"Best trust the happy moments . . . . . .
The days that make us happy make us
wise."

Then came that innovation for which some of us at least had waited breathlessly—the awarding of the prizes for the best acrostics based upon the words "Tower Hill." According to the decision of the judge, "E" was considered the best of the six offered in competition. "B" and "C" fought closely for second place, with "C" finally coming out ahead, and "G," unfortunately, was not submitted until after the contest closed. The blushing prize-winners reluctantly acknowledged their authorship and came forward amid much applause to receive their prizes, Mrs. A. J. Johnson shyly confessing to "E" and Miss Julia Elliot to "C." As all of the six received "Honorable Mention" UNITY may give them place among the "Fillers" in the humbler "narrow measure."

Who knows? Possibly this is but the pale beginning of a Tower Hill "school of poetry" whose disciples may in future be as famous as those of the Lake or Cambridge or other glorious groups. As I write, the cardinal in the oak behind me and the thrasher and chickadees and tanager feasting on the prickly ash berries near by affirm, as did the whip-poor-will who last night mingled his voice with the reading of the Acrostics, their strong belief in the Hill as a birthplace of real Art, with a very capital A.

S. M. Q.

Tower Hill, August 15.

A.

"TOWER HILL"

The result of an acrostic contest at Tower Hill Pavilion August 13. Mrs. Ida Stoehr, judge.

Tall pine trees frame the picture
Of still waters and softly glowing sky.
Where clumps of green stand forth
darkly,
Edging the deep-curving sand bar,
Richly their image dips in the gleaming
river.

Hills rise to where the low heaven
Inclines to veil them with her blue.
Lovingly the golden sunlight touches all;
Lovingly the purple shadows stretch out
their embrace.

B.

To thee, the pleasant Tower Hill,
Our restless hearts are turning.
When we are weary, weak or ill,
Each soul, for thee, is yearning.
Relief thou offerest from care,
Help for the eager mind.
In every way thou art so fair;
Let praises sound for every kind,
Loyal as the love we bear.

C.

The spirit of peace
Over all
Where the whip-poor-wills call,
Each hill and each glen
River carved
Hails the heart, city starved;
Inspired is this Hill,
Life awakes,
Lifts the soul, heals all aches.

D.

There lies a charmed spot,
On the banks of a radiant river,
Where men, women and birds do gather
Ever to rejoice in their happy lot.
Recreating body with refreshments to the mind
Holding hard to the joys of love and freedom,
In search of justice born of wisdom;
Loving calves, little pigs and all mankind;
Losing nought but blood drawn by mosquitoes
And this is Tower Hill resplendent in tomatoes.

E.

Truth speaks a message day by day,
Obedience acts without delay,
Wisdom shows the better way;
Earnestness finds work to do,
Reason seeks a purpose true,
Honor's goal is e'er in view;
Inspiration rouses will,
Learning craves more Knowledge still,
Love abides on Tower Hill.

F.

(ECHOES FROM TOWER HILL)

Tu-whit! tu-whoo! pe-a-wee! chick-a-dee!
O get up! don't you hear? Come along! Drink your tea!
Whip-whip-poor-will! yank! yank! buzz-z-z-z-z
Ee-ee-ee-ee--ee-ee ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee-ee
CHIP BUCK
Remember your text! else see Jabberwock!

Here the wild things all sing as we've oft heard before—
In other climes charming—but here's something more.
Listen now with your heart, then sing with a will,
"Long and far reach the spirit of dear Tower Hill!"

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Some of the features of the program are: Addresses of Welcome, by officials of Saratoga; response by the chairman, Dr. O. Edward Janney. Address by Henry W. Wilbur, "The Spirit That Should Guide Us." One of the Educational sessions will be addressed by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck will portray "A Child-Centered Religious Education." Rural Welfare, by George T. Powell, of New York, and Prof. James E. Robertson, Ottawa, Ont. Child Welfare, Hastings H. Hart, a director of Russell Sage Foundation. Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull.

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G.

Tremendous forces lurk among thy
forest ways!
Of peace thou standest sponsor.
War once was fostered by thee
Ere the shot tower fell; but now
River and wind force living fountains
to thy praise!

How strong the power of thought
Illumes thy brow! Thy helpful ones
Lure breezes strong to give with spread-
ing wings
Life's higher flights to the celestial
things.

PERSONAL.—Our friends and frequent contributors, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crooker, are having a busy time, both of them, preaching in England. Mr. Crooker has been giving some lectures in Oxford; Mrs. Crooker has been preaching at Barnsley. Mr. Martineau's old church in Liverpool, the Unitarian Church at Sheffield are to hear them. They are being urged to settle permanently on the other side but America holds them too strongly. Meanwhile Mr. Crooker's book entitled "Shall I Drink" is about to appear from the Pilgrim Press, Boston. When it comes it will be one more efficient tool with which to fight the bloodless battle against inebriety. War and rum are now the greatest enemies to civilization and they call for the most heroic service.

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